

## CCXXIII.

In tears, New England's sons receive,  
From 'cross Atlantic's wave,  
The last remains of one who boasts  
In every land a grave.

## CCXXIV.

From Northern climes, where snows do fall,  
So softly, gently down,  
To Southern lands his bounty fell,  
A garner'd blessing crown'd.

## CCXXV.

And North and South united are,  
In yielding hallow'd praise;  
It floats on high, a requiem,  
As bending o'er his grave,

## CCXXVI.

We join together to proclaim,  
The virtues without end,  
Of him who claim'd no higher rank  
Than that of *Poor Man's Friend*.